For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ſt, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little fears grow great, great loue grows there.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt.
Such loue muſt needs be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt. *Ham.* That's wormwood.
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
King. I do beleeue you think what now you ſpeak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortuns change,
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or elſe fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The

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